Two unfortunate Lovers, or, a true Relation of the lamentable end of *Iohn True*, and *Susan Mease*:

BRITISH MUSEUM
150 k 27°

Their lives this Ditty doth relate,
And how they dy'd unfortunate.

To the tune of, The Brides Buriall.

ATtend you lovers and give eare,
unto my mournefull song,
Of two that loved faithfully,
yet each did other wrong.

At Coventry in Warwickshire,
this young-man he did dwell,
His name Iohn True a Shoe-maker,
and liv'd of it full well.

At Corley did this Maiden dwell,
three miles from Coventry:
Yet for the love he bare to her,
oft times he would her see.

And comming unto her one day,
he told to her his mind:
Susan, quoth he, I love thee deare,
be not to me unkind.

If thou canst love and fancy me,
in heart and eke in mind:
I will prove loving unto thee,
and never be unkind.

Thy cheerefull loks reioyce my heart,
and merry make my mind:
Sweet Susan then love me againe,
be not to me unkind.

God Iohn I thank you for your love,
and wish ye'r home to tarry,
I am too young for you to wed,
and have no mind to marry.

Where you doe dwell are Maids good store,
of beauty faire and free,
Set not your love upon me then,
for I cannot love thee.

This answer struck him to the heart
as cold as any stone: (paire,
Then homewards straight he did re-
with many a sigh and grone.

Wishing that he had nere bin borne,
or in his cradle dy'd,
Unhappy man to love so true,
and yet to be deny'd.

Quoth he, I will to her againe,
and heare what she doth say,
It may be she may be more kind,
though first she said me nay.

Then comming to the towne againe,
he sent for her straight way,
Desiring her to speake with him,
but she did it denay.

Then did he sigh, lament and grieve,
and knew not what to say,
Then did he take his pen in hand,
and writ these words straight way;

My hearts delight and onely joy,
kill not me with disdaine,
Vouchsafe that I may speak with thee
and rid me of my paine.

Resolve me sweetest I thee pray,
why is thy hatred such:
I know no cause, unlesse it be
for loving thee too much.

As is my name so is my love,
sweet Susan unto thee:
True is my name, true is my love,
and ever so shall be.

My love is loyall iust and good,
kill me not with disdaine,
Rather doe me that courtesie,
to love for love againe.

When she had read and understood,
his mind and his intent,
She then began to like and love,
and yeeld him hearts content.

Iohn I am thine, if thou best mine,
for ever and for aye,
It was to prove thy constancy,
that I did say thee nay.

But here's my hand, my heart & love
Ile nere thee more deny,
My love is constant firme and true,
and shall be till I dye.

Then they imbrac'd each others love,
and joy'd in heart and boyce,
That he of her, and she of him,
had made so sweet a choise.

But fortune which doth often frowne
where she before did smile,
The mans delight and maidens joy,
full soone she did beguile.

45. b. 28. 242.

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The second Part, to the same tune.

When she was setled in her love,
then he would change his mind,
And for to try her constancy,
would be to her unkind.

And thus resolved in his mind,
he'd come to her no more,
But went and wood another maid,
which griev'd her heart full sore.

(Quoth he) she proved unto me,
hard-hearted and unkind,
But now her true love I have won,
Ile beare the selfe same mind.

When she perceiv'd his love to her,
not as 'twas wont to be,
She did lament sigh, weep and grieve
and then these words spake she.

False-hearted man adue, quoth she,
disloyall and unkind,
And if I dye for love of thée,
thou shalt not know my mind.

Woe to the time I did beléeve,
that flattering looke of thine,
Would God that I had never séene,
the teares of thy false eyne.

Hard hap had I to set my love,
on one that mocked me,
Sure all the country doth not yéeld,
a man so false as he.

Thus was she brought to weak estate
all comforts from her fled,
She did desire to speake with him,
before that she was dead.

Her friends did séek to chéere her heart
and to make glad her mind,
But she was kild with loving him,
that prov'd to her unkind.

False-hearted man, may never maid
love thée as I have done,
But may my death remembred be,
to time that is to come.

And may all maids example take,
by this my mournefull death,
And now sweet Lord receive my soule
to thee I yeeld my breath.

Thus dy'd the patterne of true love,
thus dy'd a vertuous maid,
Thus dy'd as good a harmeless Lasse
as ever Love betray'd.

Six maids in white as custome is,
did bring her to the grave,
Her parents grieve, lament & mourn,
no child at all they have.

When as her Lover understood,
for truth that she was dead,
He rag'd, and ready was to teare
his haire from off his head.

But when he came into the towne,
whereas his true Loue lay,
He straightway ran unto her graue,
and these words there did say.

Susan (quoth he) Ile kisse thy grave,
upon my bended knée,
Whereby Ile shew to all the world,
how deare I loued thée.

And as he lay upon the graue,
he heard a voyce to say,
Iohn True if ere thou lou'dst me deare,
make haste and come away.

Then started he up from the graue,
and stood like one strucke dumb,
But when he had regain'd his speech,
he cryed, I come, I come.

And thus like one out of his wits,
he rag'd in piteous sort,
That all the neighbours presently,
were grieu'd at this report.

And thus with sorrow & grief of heart,
he lay a whole fortnight:
But when he had confest his fault,
he yéelded up his spright.

According to his hearts desire,
and as he did request,
They dig'd his graue, & laid him down
by her whom he lou'd best.

You yong men all that haue true loues
prove true unto your friend,
And if you loue, be sure your loue
be true unto the end.

And thus I end my story true,
so full of griefe and woe.
May never any séeke againe,
to wrong each other so.

FINIS.

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